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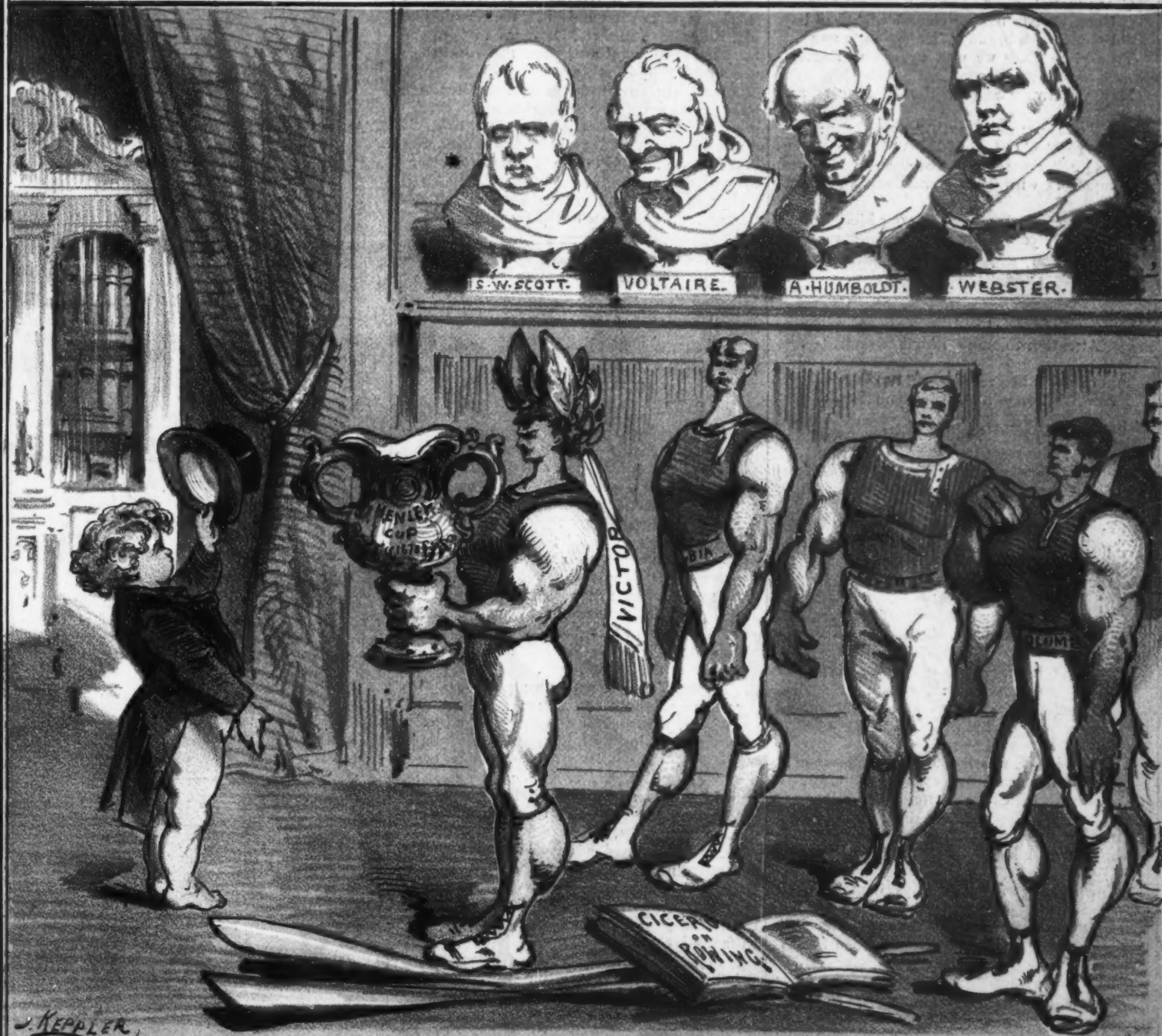
"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
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OFFICE No 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



HAIL, COLUMBIA!

PUCK.—"Well, boys, play-time is over. Now let us see if you can develop your brains with the same care that you've developed your muscle."

"PUCK".

No. 13 North William Street, New York

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H. C. BUNNER.....MANAGING EDITOR.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Puck will hereafter be on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross.

Puck may be had in Saratoga at BRENTANO'S new store, opposite Congress Park.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

CARTOONS.

COLUMBIANS! welcome from a foreign shore,
 Upon your fronts the victor's wreath of bay,
 From British brows at 'Enley borne away,
 To add to those we won by our marksmen's score.

May you live a hundred thousand years, and more—

If that is not sufficient. As you'd say:

Hooroar! C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A!

[This intellectual speech we have heard before.]
 Conquerors with hands unstained by hostile gore!

We greet you, and we pat your biceps grand
 With joyous pride no shade of envy dulls.

Yet one sweetly solemn thought comes o'er and o'er

To PUCK—could you not also pay, brave band,

Attention to another kind of skulls?

THE question before which in terror cowers
 Hewitt's Committee, which would quite non-plus

A "biger man" than he, may be stated thus:
 Kearney, who must be howling at all hours,
 And ain't upgathered now, like sleeping flowers;
 The Communist, who to the "newspaper cuss"

Bears his wronged bosom quite promiscuous;
 The Tramp who unearned bread (and meat) devours—

These things are too much with us, by the powers!—

The Politician, with the superfluous gall—
 What shall we do with these? How give them cash?

That is the interrogation point that towers aloft. PUCK suggests: Dynamite them all—
 Deluge the land with grateful showers of hash.

THE lion is old, wearied, and well-nigh spent—
 To catch his prey he apes the fox's craft,
 And with the Church, whose temporal power he laughed

To scorn, now craves alliance impotent.
 Ah, well he knows, old man, with whole soul bent

On holding from his lips death's bitter draught,

Titans of anarchy now forge the shaft
 Some day to strike him down—when forth is sent,

Sealed to destruction with Hell's sacrament
 The awful spirit of rict, and death, and wrong

The terror of his old age and feebleness—
 And so his failing force with his foe's has blent:
 While in new ways where Freedom is growing strong,

Oppression's iron heel falls pitiless.

FERRY TICKETS.

THERE is something particularly charming about ferry-tickets. Is it true, they are not æsthetical to any great extent, nor have they psychological affinities; but at the same time there is that about them which sends tintinnulations of joy through the soul which is susceptible of poetry and music.

The great charm about them is that they cannot be exchanged for beer, and a man who has a package in his possession is comparatively safe so far as getting across the river is concerned.

On each of these tickets can be found the autograph of the president so miserably executed as to be almost undecipherable. This ought to make it solid with autograph hunters. Then there's a life-like portrait of a ferry boat on every ticket, which places it on a high plane as a work of art.

We don't know that the ferry-ticket has ever received a fair and conscientious criticism or that it has ever been subjected to analysis. That is probably the reason that such an insoluble mystery surrounds it. We should like Mr. Emerson and Prof. Doremus to take the ferry-ticket in hand and give the world their views on it. This is an age in which people go crazy over trivial things and don't notice important ones. If the aforementioned philosopher and chemist will take a hold of it, no doubt the world will await their replies with bated breath, and PUCK will give them space to ventilate themselves. PUCK always holds forth a friendly hand to the down-trodden and persecuted, so he does to the ferry-ticket.

H. J. MONTAGUE died in San Francisco, August 11th, 1878.

Dead in the very blossoming of life.
 When all must praise the flower that might have been:
 He will never know how poor a thing to win
 Is the success that crowns—with rue—our strife

CLEARLY A BRITON'S WORK.

THE English are always doing something out of the way. Either a traveler goes astray from the truth, or a sailor scores an impossible nautical triumph, or a national humorist makes his advent, or something of the kind. The nation is frequently stirred to the depths by some social, religious or political excitement. The waves of argument rush across the island, and the flame of strife marks its way before serenity is restored. But this never causes the true Briton to lose his equilibrium, or forego his pun. The story of "Red Riding Hood" is tolerably well known. An Englishman went about the work of making it funny.

As a sample of his gaiety we quote:—

"Among the characters are:

"Colin, a model of constancy in a sea of muddles—the lover of Blondinette—whom he misses from the hamlet and seeks for by every Brook(e) until he's *Fech' d'er*—a personage whose motives are not precisely knotty, and whose representative (Miss Cecily Nott) is precisely (Cecily) not.

"Baron Reginald, a heavy villain, who, when others are not villin', makes light of their objections—the would-be abductor of Blondinette, who finds he is sold when she 'ab duck'ed herself to escape him—a crooked tempered lot—in fact a lot awry (lottery).

"Florizette—who pined in a legend airy—primæval in her notions, but prime good in her disposition.

"Blondinette, a pretty little dear, a nice little duck and a good little soul, capitally combining the best qualities of fish, flesh and fowl, dressed in a variety of styles, but always flavored with her own piquant sauce and first-rate capers."

Puckerings.

WHEN an editor declines a funny article he does a very funny thing.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK and *Wild Oats* are divorced. Both are heavy losers.

ABOUT the only time that a woman is unable to articulate is when she is opening a can of tomatoes with a dull hatchet.

SOME people think beefsteak is no good without onions, but it is our opinion that onions are no good without beefsteak.

AN exchange says, "Pennsylvania now rejoices in the possession of a six-legged colt." Well, let her rejoice; what of it?

THE people who look upon organ-grinder as impostors, will never so much as speak uncharitably of fifth-rate opera-singers.

THE man who will smile on a traducer will take umbrage and look sour on the waiter who brings him a glass not quite filled with beer.

ALTHOUGH the tramp can't be said to be deeply attached to business of any kind, he is always interested in the welfare of breadstuffs.

IT is all well enough to indulge in oysters out of season, but the man who wants to be criticised should just indulge in an ulster out of season—once.

WHAT is the use of handing clothing circulars to pedestrians? Men who have decent clothes won't purchase, and men who have not, generally can't.

A SNOWY, dimpled cloud tossed into all kinds of fantastic shapes is an enchanting sight. It is delicious; but, at the same time it can't hold a candle to a plate of fish-balls.

SOME poet says it is pleasant to sit in the wood alone. We think so, too, but at the same time, we don't think the situation would be marred by the presence of a pretty girl.

THE only way to gain speedy and general recognition, and be the observed of all observers and the cynosure of all eyes, is to open a copy of PUCK on a crowded ferry-boat.

A TOOTH-BRUSH that sheds bristles will do more to exasperate a man than anything else we know of, unless it be drinking soup at a table with one leg shorter than the others.

A WESTERN paper, noted for its enterprise, gives a full account of the causes which led to the Revolution. But it didn't say a word about the ball-clubs and how they stand in their race for the championship pennant.

LETTER FROM KEARNEY,
 which we publish, leaving out the objectionable words.

To the Editor of Puck:

SIR: I

DENNIS KEARNEY.

(And it looks like a telegram.—ED.)

ROWELL'S LITTLE GAME.

MESSRS. G. P. ROWELL AND COMPANY are a peculiar firm. They are, nominally, advertising agents, and publishers of "Rowell's Newspaper Directory," an institution on a plan so vigorous, effective and original, and at the same time so beautifully simple and direct, that it deserves particular notice from Puck.

It shall have it.

The "Newspaper Directory" purports to contain a list of all the regular publications in the country, with information more or less accurate—generally less—as to the nature, politics and general make-up of each one. The "estimated circulation" is also given; and it is here that Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co.'s little scheme blossoms out in all its untrammelled beauty. If a paper is on Rowell's Advertising List, and seems likely to survive that exhausting arrangement a little longer, it is credited in the "Directory" with a circulation of fabulous size and aristocratic selectness. And if it will consent to pay for an extra advertisement in the Directory, there is no limit to what Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co. will do for it. If the South Keokuk Junction *Flambeau* will only pay for enough pages in that charming book, it may have a circulation which will make the London *Times* pale its ineffectual fires. As a general thing, few papers care to invest in this luxury. But this is a detail.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that we have no objection to this pretty little system. If the "patent outsiders," which constitute the greater part of Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co.'s immense list of influential journals, care to spend their spare dollars on buying fancy circulations in Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co.'s Directory, let them do it. If it amuses them, it does not hurt us, and it enables Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co. to live—something they certainly couldn't do otherwise. And on the ground of general morality, there is nothing to be said. The public will not be deceived. Nobody, outside of a lunatic asylum, would ever look in the "Newspaper Directory" for facts.

No, we see no reason why Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co. should not run up—on paper—the circulation of such publications as see fit to pay them for so doing. But most distinctly and decidedly we protest against their running down the circulation of such publications as do not see fit to pay them.

Of these latter, Puck, in all his Anglo-Teutonic duality, is one. He is in good company; his Esteemed Contemporaries, the *Herald*, *Times*, *Graphic* and *Post*, being also sufferers. But Puck has been specially singled out as the principal recipient of Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co.'s back-handed favors. The "Newspaper Directory" for this year asserts that the circulation of the English Puck is 4,000, and that of the German 1,800. Both statements are untrustworthy. Their untrustworthiness arises largely from the fact that they are lies. The circulation of both papers is grossly understated.

As far as our own edition of PUCK is concerned, this little performance is not calculated to cause us any special annoyance. PUCK has done what no other humorous publication in this country has ever done—it has succeeded. And a paper that circulates in every corner of the Union, as well as in England, France and Germany, scarcely needs rise to explain that it prints more than 4,000 copies. But on behalf of the German edition, we think it proper to say a word to those of our English-speaking readers who may be misled as to the standing and circumstances of a journal printed in a foreign language.

The German Puck was founded some time before the English, and in less than two years

has established itself on a solid business basis. From the first every department was entrusted to competent hands, and "Puck," being at once recognized as superior, both in general literary tone and in the artistic merit of its illustrations, to the trans-atlantic *Ulk*, *Kladderadatsch* and *Fliegende Blätter*, readily took their place in the hearts of "German-American" citizens. It now goes among the best classes of that large population, and has won itself a widespread and permanent popularity, which, we must remark in justice to our excellent friend and relative, it has always fully deserved. The German Puck has never circulated less than 10,000 copies.

It is almost needless to repeat that the treatment which these papers have received at the hands of Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co. is the direct result of the utter failure of their agent to induce Puck's publishers to pay for an advertisement in the "Directory." Our dealings with this individual have been slight—very slight. We scarcely remember what they were. In fact, they were rather more of a nature to impress themselves upon the mind of the agent. But in a general way, and without precise adherence to the facts, we may say that the said agent once called on the publishers of PUCK, requesting them to insert a ten-line advertisement for three years for one dollar, and to throw in a column editorial notice and a centre-page cartoon. The publishers handed him over to the office porter, who conducted him gently but firmly—by the ear—to the door, and indicated his destination to him in the way that appeared at the time most effective. This operation is technically called "bouncing."

If the agent wants to come back and satisfy himself about the circulation of PUCK, he may call at any time. But yet, though there may be some places which would be salubrious for that agent, we hardly think the business-office of PUCK can be included in that category.

THE BLOATED BONDHOLDER.

WE have all of us heard a good deal of the "bloated bondholder," but very few of us have ever seen him. He is described as being a man of corpulent aspect with a plethoric pocket-book and financial solvency staring out from every pore. He had a heavy tread and was great on oppressing the poor and lowly. In fact, this was his chief solace and delight. What amount of gain the pastime brought him we cannot say. But considering that his victims were mostly confirmed paupers, it may be inferred that the advantage gained was not, in a money sense, very substantial. The bloated bondholder was always represented as great on the national banks. Indeed, they were started for his especial benefit. The bloated bondholder used to indulge in banquets which were followed by grinding oppression of the poor.

In all that has been written about our bloated friend no one ever found any good to say about him. He was always the personification of greed and wrong, and the individual receptacle for the wealth of the mint.

Of late years the bondholder has changed a little. If he was a holder of railway bonds, he has vanished from the surface completely. If he had government bonds, he has sold them for cash. The bonds lost their charm in the transfer, and the new buyer is anything but bloated. In fact, he is severely attenuated. We regret the withdrawal of the bloated bondholder from circulation. With all his faults he was nice to read about, and if our curiosity was sometimes piqued too far, to see him produce suggested an end to investigation. We shall welcome the revival of the bloated bondholder as a return to the times when money was plenty and fiction an easy commodity.

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

NOTWITHSTANDING our vain-glorious brag that we are the most inventive nation on the face of the earth, the fact is we fall far short of what we ought to be in the way of inventions.

We make agricultural implements and we bottle up sound, to be sure; also, we have recently discovered how to make artificial ice. But here in this sweltering hot weather, when our brains are frizzling in our skulls, and our blood goes boiling through our brains, no man has arisen from the throng to cry—"Eureka! I have found a way to box up this heat and store it away, as we do dried apples, for winter use!"

And that's what's the matter.

There is more ice in the streets of New York this hot August day than there was last winter. Why so? Because man's ingenuity knows how to utilize the products of December and hold them over to comfort his fellow man in July. Now, why doesn't some other fellow utilize the heats of July and pack them away for use when the bitter cold winds of January freeze our blood, pinch our noses, and generally congeal us?

Ho, Edison! Can't you do something in this line for us?

Everybody knows how Miss Tabitha or Aunt Huldah Tewksbury can carry a hot brick or a bottle of hot water to bed with them, and enjoy a warm bed-fellow till nearly morning.

If in that small way heat can be preserved, why not in a larger, a wholesale sort of manner? We don't want the heat; it costs nothing. Why not get some cylindrical reservoirs covered with asbestos, put them near a thermometer between noon and three o'clock, and then cork them up, tight! Then, in the cold wintry day, the present cry of "Oice! oice!" could be supplemented with that seasonable one of "Heat! heat! five cents a chunk!"

This would open up a fine industry for many deserving and stentorian venders who else will probably pass their long winter days playing casino for the drinks. Besides there must be a limit to the heat we are now squelching in; and if large quantities of it were reserved and packed away in reservoirs, there would be so much less lying around loose out-doors to sun-strike poor editors and make them howl for 3-cent beer.

Nobody (but Kearney and such-like bloated aristocrats) yearns for ice as a table delicacy in winter; and everybody is disgusted with the atmospheric areas of caloric which during the summer solstice poison our blood. What we want is ice in hot weather, and chunks of heat in cold weather.

That is natural. We always want what we can't get; and it is the duty of inventive philosophers to supply our wants.

Think of putting a slice of caloric in rum and spices, stirring it with a spoon, and how delicious our "hot Jamaica" would be next winter! How nobler, purer, more artistic than to make the same with b'iled water. And if a man could put a slice or two of caloric in his pockets, with another slice nestling in the small of his back, how calmly he could gaze at the worn seams and ragged edges of his last year's ulster! No tailor's bill for a new overcoat would stare him in the face.

This want of solidified caloric is a want that should be at once supplied; and we hereby warn Mr. Edison, Professor Doremus, Dr. Chandler, and all the great scientists of the day, that if they don't attend to the matter at once, we shall be obliged, before the heated term is merged into the balmy days of autumn, to place the whole affair in the hands of that great inventive genius, Mr. Kroeger.

E. S. S.

ON THE RAILROAD.

THUNDERING o'er weary miles of rail,
Through endless levels gray and sere,
Beneath the moonlight's chilly pale,
In the sad season of the year—
Weak hectic autumn, all my soul
Was filled with dull fatigue. I found
No glimpse of beauty in the whole
Dim scene around.

Till, with one high clear shriek that stung
The ear, and rent the Fall air raw,
Around a rock-bound curve we swung;
And straight ahead of me I saw—
As if some spirit of summer dreamed,
Belated in the low ravine—
Tall trees, whose moonlit yellow seemed
A springtide green.

Ferns clustered underneath, as if
Forgotten by the autumn frost;
Though wild vines, high upon the cliff,
Red leaflets to the night-wind tossed;
Where from above one silvery jet
Of water spurted; and was kissed
Once by the moonlight, ere it met
The rocks in mist.

One second—we had passed the glade,
And all was gone—the cliffs whence sprung
The silver stream—the thin trees made
By the moon's magic once more young.
And on through dismal shades we pressed—
Yet in that flash, as we sped by,
Something, less clearly seen than guessed,
Had caught my eye.

Faint, sometimes, are the lines that part
The spirit and material sense—
The vision of the ecstatic heart—
The fleshly eyes' stern evidence—
I best may say I saw—a thought—
A thought for words too delicate—
The dream of an idea, caught
Unformulate.

Long years have drawn toward its wane
A life scarce crescent on that night,
Yet memory oft recalls in vain
The scene that tantalized my sight.
I see it used when'er the rose
Of twilight all the landscape fills—
And somehow think 'twas— "So-and-So's
Cathartic Pills."

H. C. BUNNER.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, August 1st, 1878.

Editor of Puck:

As you will see by the address above, I am at last in the capital of France, in the city of leisure and pleasure beyond measure, in the *Lutetia Parisiorum*, as we say in Latin, "dans la ville splendide," as they say or sing in "la Vie Parisienne."

[N.B. to Editor of PUCK.—Dear Sir: I draw your attention to the French quotation, to the Latin phrase, and to the rhyming prose—but I content myself with drawing your attention, I shall not draw an extra check for them—although some editors would remit extra remuneration at once by cable, as soon as they read an opening paragraph like that.]

Here I am at last in Paris.

[N.B. No. 2 to Editor of PUCK.—I may as well tell you that I have just registered at the cable office, and any telegrams addressed to Munchausen, Paris, will be duly delivered to me. A word to the wise—*Verbum sap. head. Sabe?*]

And I left London without regret. They have very queer ways in London. They do not do things as we do. They do lots of things we do not do. For instance:

There is a restaurant called the Criterion. I went there to dinner. They have a dinner there—a table dote they call it. I suppose because some of the ignorant English doat on that kind of a table. It is a table dote at three shillings and sixpence a head.

Now they say things are cheaper in England than they are in New York. Sometimes something is. Not always. Not often. For instance, in New York a shilling is twelve and a half cents. In London it is twenty-five cents. This shows you at a glance how very much dearer some things are in London than in New York.

[N.B. No. 3 to Editor of PUCK.—These financial and statistical remarks of mine ought to increase the circulation of the paper in Wall Street. Perhaps it would be a good idea to have a few hundred thousand extra copies of the sentence above printed, for special distribution to the members of the Stock Exchange.]

Well, I went to the Criterion to get a dinner for three and sixpence, carefully taking the exact change in my pocket. When I had eaten halfway through the bill of fare I found in fine type, down at the bottom of that important document, a notice to the effect that sixpence extra was charged each diner for attendance and the use of the table.

For the use of the table!

For attendance!

Did they expect me to eat my food from a chair or a sofa, or standing up as at a vulgar and irresponsible free lunch?

Did they expect me to wait on myself?

And if they wanted me to pay the sixpence besides my three shillings and sixpence, why did they not say that the charge was four shillings, and then I should have come provided with the requisite sum.

How did I get out of the dilemma, I hear you ask.

[N.B. No. 4 to Editor of PUCK.—This, of course, is figurative language merely. Until the telephone to be attached to the Atlantic cable is in working order, I shall unfortunately be unable to hear your gentle voice, Mr. Editor. But the memory of the last words I did hear from your lips will linger long in my ears. Need I remind you what these words were?

"Kellner, zwei Bock.")

Which horn of the dilemma did I choose?

This expression is perhaps alike unfortunate. I had not money enough to pay for my dinner, so, of course, I could not pay for a horn.

In fact, I did not pay for the dinner.

I just walked out without paying for it. I told them I would be back in a brace of shakes. And before a double earthquake trembles through the British Isles I'll go and pay that four shillings.

Thus you see the greed of the Englishman in trying to get an extra sixpence caused a loss of seven times that amount, a loss of seven hundred per centum.

No business can stand a loss like that frequently repeated.

When I sat down to indite this epistle I intended to tell you about the Exhibition. But I was led to relate my adventure with an English dinner. Now I have not room enough left to attack so great a subject as the Exhibition.

So I will obey your instructions, delivered to me just before I left, to make a full and particular report on all foreign places of amusement.

The stage is naturally an object of interest to PUCK, whose sole costume sometimes consists of the strap which holds his opera-glass case.

I shall divide my report into two parts.

I. The London stage, and

II. The Paris stage.

I.—THE LONDON STAGE.

I did not see anything on the London stage worth talking about.

"Olivia" was a story of a goldsmith's stolen wills. That did not interest me.

"Vanderdecken" is the tale of the Flying Dutchman—and any man would be a Dutchman if he did not fly from such a portentous impersonation as Mr. Irving's.

"Pink Dominoes" must be double-sixes, for they are going on well to their five-hundredth night. Nothing new can be said of this.

Nor of "Our Boys," who are getting now to be pretty old boys, for they have been seen nearly twelve hundred times.

At the Opera they were singing "Car-men," an opera which, I should fancy, would have no difficulty in finding a conductor.

At both Regent Circus and Piccadilly Circus I was told that there were interesting performances, but I never could find them. I never could even ascertain who were there performing. The only thing I could learn was that many horses were to be seen there.

Leaving England and crossing the channel to France, I found things a little better—but not much. I continue my report.

II.—THE PARIS STAGE.

"Le Petit Duc" is the son of the "Grande Duchesse" by a second husband. Mr. Lecocq is the composer, vice Offenbach, deposed. Meilhac and Halevy have written a charming little play, and the music is worthy of "Lecocq of ze valk."

"Les Sept Châteaux du Diable" is a show-piece at the Châtelet. It is a very poor show. The site of the Châtelet used to be a prison once on a time. It would be well if it were one now for the authors and mounters of such stuff. I saw Robert Heller there, and Miss Heller, but they did not ask a second sight of the piece, I can assure you.

At some of the other theatres you can see the "Procès Veauradieux" (= Life), and the "Danicheffs," and "Round the World in Eighty Days," and "Orphée aux Enfers," and the "Cloches de Corneville," and "Bébé," and the "Two Orphans"—all of which I have seen too often.

[N.B. No. 5 to Editor of PUCK.—I print this joke in italics, to draw attention to it. It is a good old joke, and it suggests an idea to me. I have just come back from the collection of antiquities in the Exhibition, and I was disappointed in not finding in it a single old joke.

Why should not PUCK get up an exhibition of old jokes, from Miller's time to mine?

e. g.—When is a door not a door? (Joke from the Arabic—very scarce.)

Is it your own hare or a wig? (Joke from the Greek—has a fine flavor of the classic.)

I leave you to develop this more fully.

My own charge for carrying out the idea, on my return to New York, would be ten per centum on the gross receipts, with an interest in the programme.]

And now I have to go to the Grand Hôtel for my déjeuner à la fourchette—a breakfast for which you have to fork over four francs.

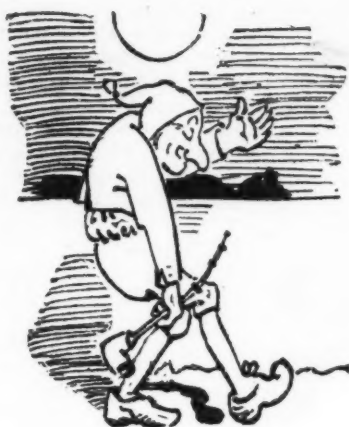
Yours truly,

E. PERKINS MUNCHAUSEN.

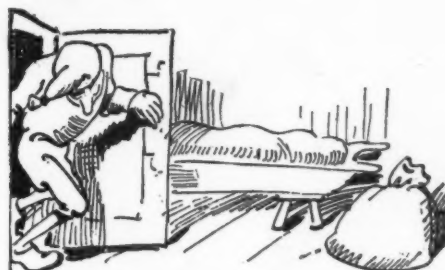
THE man who will break his neck running to catch a ferry-boat on a hot day, and who will gulp his dinner in fifty-five seconds, will patiently spend fifteen minutes in sucking a sherry-cobbler through a straw.

A YOUNG author can stand almost anything in the shape of adversity, but his greatest trials melt like ice-cream on a queen's labials, when he sees his choicest sonnet in an exchange credited to some one else.

A SYMPHONY IN DO MAJOR.



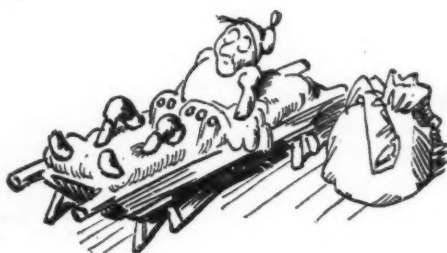
1) This is the way Herr Kopp came home on a Saturday night,



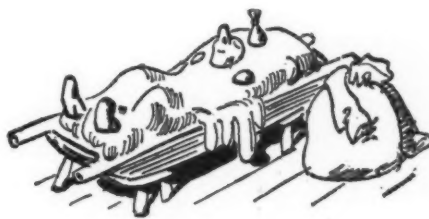
2) Which accounts for his entering the kitchen instead of his bed-room.



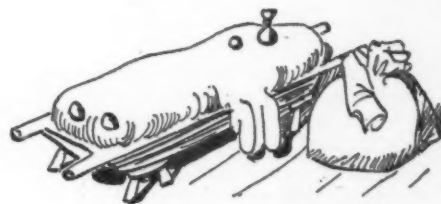
3) Also for his sitting down in the bread-trough.



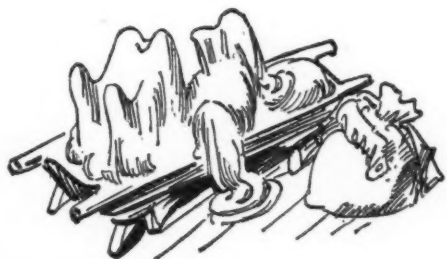
4) Wherein he sinks



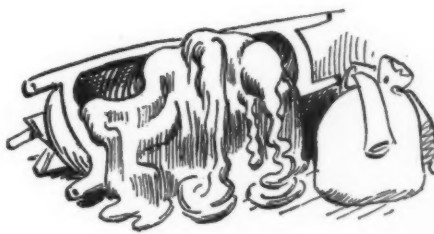
5) almost



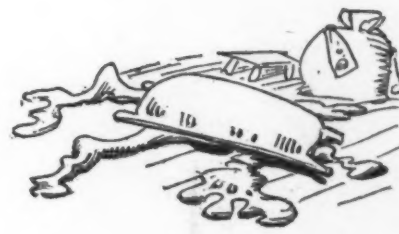
6) completely.



7) He "rises,"



8) and turns



9) over.



10) Alarming apparition that greeted Mrs. Kopp on her entrance.



11) Mute explanation of the situation, and plaintive appeal by Herr Kopp.



12) The infinite tenderness of a woman's heart—she swabs him off. Finis.

THE SERENADER.

"**A** WAKE, me love, awake,"
He sang, in tones enchanting,
"The moon shines o'er the brake,
Me heart for thee is panting."

The Padre heard the sound,
And, clothed in midnight garment,
From out his couch did bound,
To annihilate the varmint.

Descending quick the stair,
His breast with rage inflated,
He sought the watch-dog's lair,
And him he liberated.

The serenader sang,
"Awake, me guiding star"—
With that there came a—bang!
That shattered his guitar.

He saw afar off that
Most cruel foe approaching,
He did not stop to chat,
He felt he was encroaching.

Over the wall he flew,
The Padre closely followed,
Old Trusty followed too;
One barked, the other holloed.

The Padre gained the top
Too late to catch the raider,
He called on him to stop—
Loud laughed the serenader.

His prey was out of sight,
His vengeance quite defeated;
'Twas a very chilly night,
So he down the wall retreated.



But stay—that awful sound!
'Twas fit to paralyze him—
Old Trusty's growl! The hound
Had failed to recognize him.

In vain each oily word
To soothe the watchful Trusty,
In vain each threat absurd,
They rendered him more rusty.

All through the weary night
The Padre cursed and shivered,
And prayed for morning's light,
That he might be delivered.

The sun rose gay and bright,
And Trusty, recognizing
His prey, barked with delight,
In manner tantalizing.

* * * * *

The moral do not slight
Contained in these distiches:
When you venture out at night
Do not forget your b . . . ches.

FRANK I. CLARKE.

STELLA'S YOUNG MAN.

ERNEST D'HERVILLY in French; by ERNEST HARVIER.

TIMES have changed of late. Lovers have been changing always. Hardly a day passes but what some revered image is put aside and some new idea takes its place. The phantasmagoria of lovers' lives shift and drift constantly, and the passionate fervor of one day gives place to the icy disdain of the succeeding one. You don't believe it? Try the sensation yourself. That is what M. Forquebin said to the young man who was in love with his daughter. But the soul-wrapped young man thought not of love's phantasmagoria, but asked when he could call again. "Tomorrow," said M. Forquebin, and the young man blessed him, allegorically speaking.

Stella's young man was twenty-five years of age—at most. He looked younger. He had bright eyes and dark hair, was easy and a good talker; but he had one fault—he was a statistician. A young woman, looking at the demure youth, would say: "He is not bad-looking." But those who knew his characteristic foible would exclaim: "Beware of that man." Generally speaking, the admonition was unnecessary. In Stella's place it was unheeded.

Stella was eighteen, natural, unaffected, good, frank, sweet, tender, trusting, the embodiment of everything purely womanly, and the materialization of a good deal which is otherwise celestial. The reader may add to this a few attributes on his own account, if he so desire. If the reader is a woman, she will be sure to. Stella's young man supplied the deficiencies. He possessed the qualities she did not, besides several not altogether in the line of a young lady of eighteen. I think the chief triumph of his life must have been when, in response to a question from Caldiaferco, his arithmetic teacher, he responded: "There are 49,400,671 umbrellas in Europe, not counting seal-skin coats." He was seven years of age then, but has got older since. Stella was not aware of this arithmetical weakness.

On the afternoon appointed the statistician called. We call him statistician as judged from a rational standpoint. Otherwise regarded, he was a lover, which is nearly as bad.

After dinner they retired to the back piazza. The night was clear and sultry. Out of compliment to Stella, the demure lover regarded intently the stars. He began calculating astronomical distances, and was lost in a maze of apogees and figures. Neither of them, the lovers, said anything. The statistician was buried in thought. The clearness of the night was delightful. The rich odor of the flowers in the garden rose into the atmosphere, and the gentler perfumes of the violet and honeysuckle were wafted about the place. A dead silence, interrupted but a little by the singing of a canary-bird, enveloped everything, and made the time suitable for reverie and thought. There was an accordeon-player in the immediate vicinity, but he had gone to take his summer vacation; so Man seemed to have collaborated with Nature to secure the solemnity and quiescence of the time. It was an occasion

such as occurs seldom. One of those times, in fact, when the veriest misanthrope is stirred by the suggestion of sentient feeling, and feels emboldened to cast himself at the feet of the first pretty girl he meets, and exclaim: "Accept me, such as I am, and secure the lasting happiness of a monster!"

But they said nothing, and the light wind nestling among the leaves and branches of the highest trees bore no echo from the piazza. Stella continued to concentrate her beauty and effulgence on the irresponsible stars, while the statistic continued inaudibly his calculations.

Suddenly he took from his pocket a note-book.

What was he going to do with it? A sonnet? No. A verse, perhaps? No. A line or two descriptive of the little beauty who sat intently watching him? No, not even that. Stella blushed in the shade, and her heart beat as she regarded the young man.

Suddenly he began to write. An inspiration! Quick! before he loses it.

Truly it must have been some outcome of this celestial calm, his mind stilled by repose, and his better emotions strengthened by the sight of the girl beside him. No. Deliberately taking his pencil, and biting nervously the point, he inquired with judicial calmness of Stella how much wine she drank daily!

She looked at him with amazement.

"Well, then," said the statistician, "say beer?"

She was speechless.

"Have it your own way, then," said the statistician. "How much coffee?"

"A cup," said Stella mechanically.

"Good," said the statistician, "a cup." He was lost in reverie for a time.

"My dear," said Stella, recovering her speech, "why—"

"You are surprised. Naturally. Women do not understand figures. But I will show you. You are eighteen?"

"Yes."

"Well, here is the result of my figures. In eighteen years you have eaten:

| | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| Sheep, | 12. |
| Ducks, | 203. |
| Beeves, | 5. |
| Chickens, | 327. |
| Geese, | 27. |
| Turkeys, | 80. |
| Birds, | 824. |
| Salt-water fish, | 75. |
| Fresh-water fish, | 83. |
| Eggs, | 3,420. |
| Vegetables, | 287,502. |
| Fruits, | 603 baskets. |
| Cheese, | 173 lbs. |
| Barrels of flour, | 29. |
| Baskets of cake, | 11. |
| Hogsheads of wine, | 25. |
| Gallons of water, | 71,417. |
| Beer (glass), | 1. |
| Champagne— | " |

"Enough!" said Stella.

"You are angry with me, perhaps," ventured the statistician.

Stella did not answer. But next day the statistic received the following note by the first postal delivery:

"Dear Sir:—The sudden illness of my daughter obliges us to start without delay for Greenland. This will force us to sever our hitherto agreeable relations. Accept the assurance of my profound regard.

"Yours truly,

"FORQUEBIN."

And now Stella's young man declares that all this is the work of a hated rival. But he does not abate his diligence in calculating the distance to Greenland, or the chances of a young girl marrying in the vicinity.

AH, WHY?

A BLUE-BELLIED TEMPERANCE BALLAD.



H, why am I not Beaconsfield?
Why do not all my seconds yield
Me rank, fame and ducats?
Is it I'm timid, and not risky?
Or is it 'cause I get my whiskey
In shops called "buckets"
(For 3 cents)?

Why am I not another Bismarck?
(Gosh! On Fame's scroll how he's made his mark!)
And eke in Germany?
I'd be Imperialist or Bourbon;
I'd wear the shako or the turban,
If I could find in rum any
Dollars or sense.

Why can't I be a Vanderbilt
Who (when uprose his dander) built
Up fortunes for litigants?
Perhaps it is because I find
In Santa Cruz and lemon rind
For "shakes" fine mitigants.
(Price 20 cents. 6 for a dollar—
At the Brunswick.)

Ah! Even to be Peter Cooper—
Like him to eat a plate o' soup, or
Shrewsbury oyster.
If a chap had a little credit, or
At least the shekels, Mr. Editor,
What lots of fellows could go out and royster
(On city beer—
Price—well, ask Dana).

Ah, why? R. Y. And, once again, ah, why
Can't we be great, and guzzle still our rye—
Tell me, me tulips?
Can't we go down upon Manhattan Beach, or
Brighton (I forgot to rhyme on Beecher),
And sip our juleps
With Nell, or Belle, or—but what's the use of men-
tioning pet names when one wants to be great like Bis-
raeli or Dismarck and—Here, waiter, send this to PUCK,
quick.

EASEL.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE
WICKED DAILIES.

"I WISH I could make you understand,
my dear," said Mrs. Baker Beane,
"what I mean by saying I'll never allow
a daily paper to stalk in over my threshold.
Nummore'n I would one of these weakly Boyeses
and Girlses, if I had any children. Which,
bein' unmarried, of course I hain't got none."
(Which, by the bye, seemed a *non sequitur* to
the present stenographer.)

"What," she went on to say, "what them
piratical and buggle-arious weaklies is a doin'
to send chil'n off to scalp Indians and become
Robertses and detectives and sich like, them
dailies is a doin' for us grown-up people, my
dear—especially for the wimmen-folks. The
fust thing you read in one of 'em—it allers
ketches my eye fust—is su'thin' like the fol-
lerin':

"Zuleika, the Weird Gipsy of the Hartz
Mountains, tells everything. Brings the sepa-
rated together. Finds stolen property. A fu-
ture husband's portrait shown for 25 cents
extra. Marriage guaranteed. Will introduce
you to your affinity. Remember the number
—96½, rear. Don't pull the bell."

"Now, my dear, that's upsetting half the wim-
men in town—young wives, as you'd think, was
satisfied at home; young gals an' old wimmen

as'd ought to know better. But they don't!
No, they just go right in, spendin' their house-
keepin' money, an' p'raps pawnin' their hus-
bands' Sunday clothes to git money to pay
them 'ere fortune-tellers.

"There was Jerusha Ann Jicketts—wasn't she
married well? She went to one of 'em, an'
they told her a dark man what'd crossed water
was her affinity. An' that if she walked slowly
along Sixth Avenue, she'd recognize him by
somethin' white he'd be holdin' in his hand.
So she started down the Avenue, and she met
Moke Jonsin, the kalsominer, with a bucket o'
whitewash in his fist. She right up an' at him,
an' axed him did he come over the water, an'
he up an' said, 'You bet—jes' come back from
doin' a job in Wehawken.' Well, my dear,
Jerusha never let that darkey go till she per-
suaded him that he was her affinity, accordin'
to the stars, an' finally they eloped to Commu-
nipaw.

"Again. Take another case.

"There was Aunt Sally Poppiboy—you
know how she vallied them spoons of hern—
said they came over in the Plymouth Rock, an'
all that. Well, one day she missed them spoons
out'n an ole chaney tea-caddy she used to hide
'em in, year arter year. Did she go to a po-
lice sink for 'em? No, marm! No; she went
to a durn fortune-teller, who told her they was
took by a bald-headed man with long hair, as
she could see sich an' sich an' arternoon goin'
into the Astor House. So, down town she
goes, an' she sees a fat, pussy man, a toilin' up
the steps, an' a takin' off his slouch hat to mop
his bald head. 'Thar he is!' she shouted.
'Gimme my spoons! Gimme my Spoons!
Spoons!' You just ought to have seen the
crowd that gethered, then an' there. News-
boys, bootblacks, hackmen, Irish Aldermen
—for, you see, the man was General Ben But-
ler, an' he swore it were a conspiracy to rake
up ole sins agin him; an' he had her fined \$10
an' costs for disturbin' his pieces. An' arter-
wards she found the spoons under her best fea-
ther bed, where she'd hid 'em one night when
she was a dreamin' of bugguliers.

"Not to keep you too long, my love, lemme
tell you about Sim Villikens. His father used
to ketch whale-ile in New Bedford harbor, an'
when he up an' died one day, mussy only knows
how much money he left behind him for Sim.
But Sim didn't know what to do with it. Every-
body told him to invest it, so's it'd grow. Did
he go buildin' s'pension breeches, or bullin'
bears down in Wall street? No, mam! No!
He, also, goes to a fortune-teller, an' she chucks
'round the keards, an' she looks into a glass
stove, an' she tells him to put his money into
developin' calves into stall-fed beef-oxen by
hot air—like eggs is hatched now-a-days. Well,
Sim ruined all the calves in the country, tryin'
of it on. There wasn't no veal, even in boardin'-
houses; an' finally, when he'd spent all his
money, Sim went into one of his hot ovens and
pulverized himself.

"Sich, my dear, is the doin's of them for-
tune-tellers, which it are rough on the genera-
tions which is rising. And as to the newspapers
which print about them, they had better be
shriekin' Fraud, or yellin' for to get their beer
cheap, or runnin' Grant for a third-term Em-
peror.

"An' so long as they continues to print about
fortune-tellers, their suckulation will be limited,
I can tell 'em, for not a paper will Betsey Baker
Beane buy—not if she has to go a tea-kettle-
gossipin' for the news."

No matter how rank a Christian a man may
be, he can seldom resist the temptation of
dropping a lead nickel in the box of a bob-
tailed car.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

[By Canal-Boat.]

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 30, 1878.

Dear Puck:

This is a quaint old town, with its jolly
aldermen, voracious newspapers, and boule-
vard to Coney Island. There is a good deal
of shipping in the port, and the enterpris-
ing inhabitants are now constructing a bridge
to connect this city with the continent of
America. This is a gigantic undertaking,
and may take a thousand years to accomplish;
but, no matter how long it may take, the direc-
tors are determined to complete it, if they have
to live two thousand years to do it.

But the greatest achievement of modern
science—I mean modern political science—is
the reduction of salaries in the municipal
offices.

To give you some faint idea of the immense
benefits arising from this long-needed reform,
I will endeavor to reproduce a conversation
which I had with one of the advocates of the
measure.

"Yes," said he, "we're a-makin' 'em squirm,
I tell ye. They don't like it, but we just make
the old, dry bones rattle."

"I suppose there will be a great reduction of
taxes hereafter," I suggested.

"Of course—that is—not immediate, you
know; but it's a-goin' to put more money in the
exchequer, that's what it's a-goin' to do."

"What is the object of this movement, then,
if there is to be no reduction of taxes?"

"O, glorious object! First, it cuts down
these old tarantillas that have been a-livin' off
the fat of the land, and then it gives the city
more money for jobs. What we want is *jobs*.
We want to run a bullyvard right out to Mon-
tauk Point, by the way of Fire Island, that will
cost over fifty millions of dollars, so's to give
the laborin' men more work to do, and give us
fellers *jobs*. That's the thing that we want.
There's thirty-seven of us fellers, and we all
want a good fat job a-piece, and mine's the
bullyvard to Montauk Point."

"Do you think a boulevard to Montauk
Point is needed?"

"Well, that's no concern of mine. There's
Dick Johnson, in the water rate department,
gits a sellery of a thousand dollars a year. Why,
the old bloat, he must be cut nigh down fifty
per cent. He's got a fambly of ten children,
and let 'em all go to work and earn ther own
livin' I say, 'stead of goin' to school at other
folks' expense. I pay a tax on my house of
\$250 a year, and there's 30 just such houses in
our block, and 250 blocks in the street, and
1,750 streets of the same average length in the
city. That's over ninety millions paid in the
city of Brooklyn alone for taxes, all of which
goes to these over-paid office-holders and their
great army of clerks.

"Suppose each man has, on an averije, a thou-
sand dollars a year, that makes an army of over
1,500,000 office-holders in the city of Brooklyn
alone! It's awful! it's awful! Think how much
can be saved by cuttin' them fellers down—
over \$60,000,000 a year—for *jobs*!"

"Quite an item—"

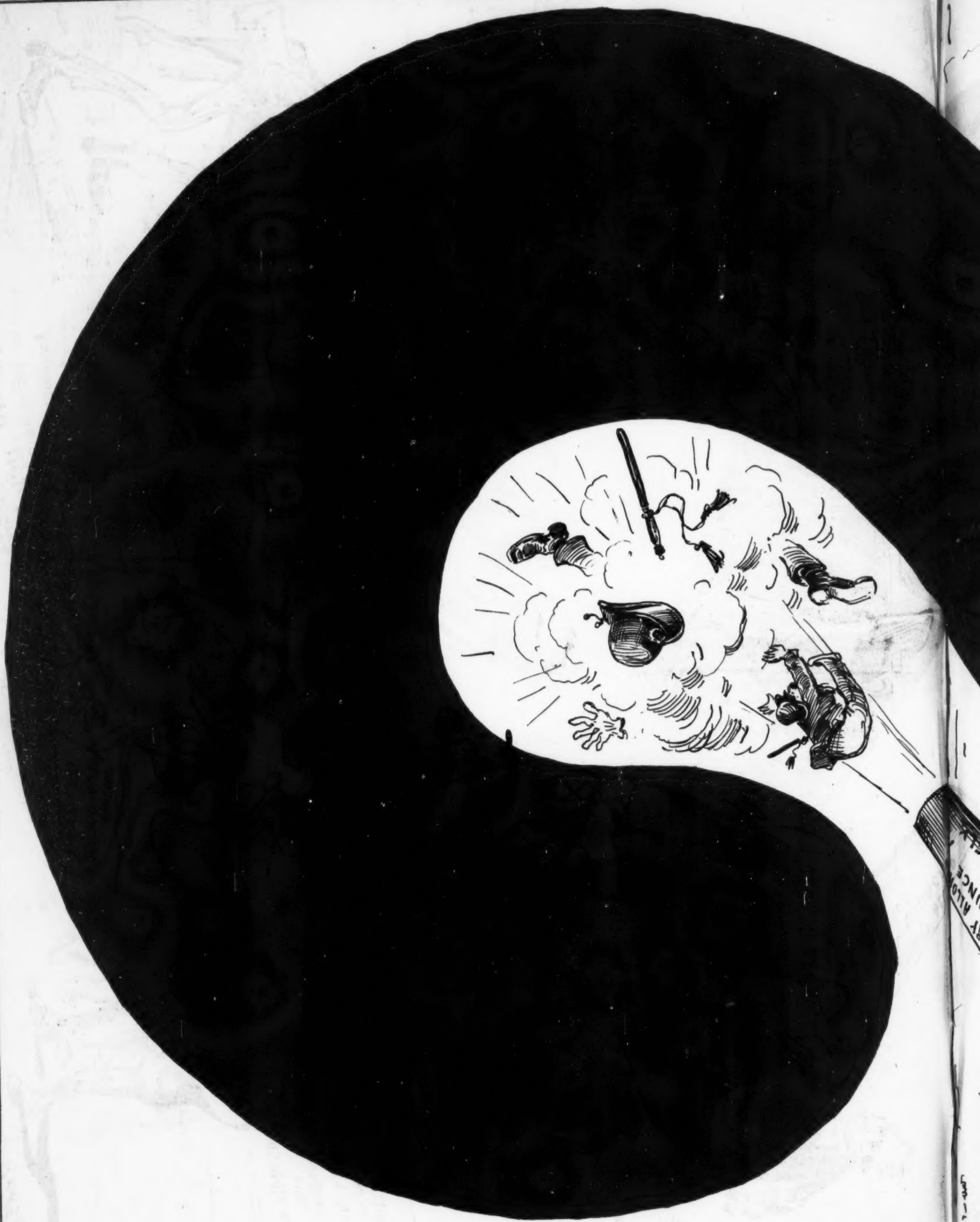
"Item! Well, I should say so, rawther! We
don't propose to reduce taxes at all. We don't
want to do that—we would rather increase 'em.
What we need is more parks, more bridges,
more bullyvards—more *jobs*!"

I need not enlarge on this momentous move-
ment. It is evident that, after the greenback
evolution, there has been no such magnani-
mous, philanthropic, sporadic, endemic, con-
centric, diaphoretic, escharotic, pancrotic,
economic and cosmoramic enterprise in our
day—that we know of.

Yours, politico-comically,

B. S. B.

PUCK.



BY ALICE
INCE



Misses. Roff and Company
thought everybody ought to ride
free 'by Rail'. May their wishes
be granted.

WANTED
MINISTER of LABOR
to protect the
POOR LABORER.
RECOMMENDED
THE
LATE ROBESON



J. KEEPLER

THAT IS THE QUESTION!—BEFORE HEWITT'S COMMITTEE.

TRIOLETS.

LET'S TAKE A LITTLE STROLL.

Let's take a little stroll,
The heavens are unclouded;
Together, precious soul,
Let's take a little stroll
Down to the viny knoll—
This stoop is rather crowded.
Let's take a little stroll,
The heavens are unclouded.

ANOTHER LITTLE KISS.

ANOTHER little kiss,
'Tis but of love a token,
'Twill hardly be amiss,
Another little kiss.
Right on your lips take this;
Don't squirm, the ice is broken;
Another little kiss,
'Tis but of love a token.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

'SKEETER.

WHAT makes me strike and bleed my nose
With open hand and vicious blows,
As if that organ were a foe's?

Mosquitoes.

What makes my eye give forth a spark?
What makes me make myself a mark,
And fiercely grab, when in the dark?

Mosquitoes.

What makes me keep awake all night,
To hear the buzz and dread the bite,
And curse the country left and right?

Mosquitoes.

What makes me fill the house with smoke,
Until the inmates almost choke?
Believe me, friends, they are no joke—

Mosquitoes.

What makes the cattle mad with pain,
Kicking and prancing o'er the plain?
What makes myself almost insane?

Mosquitoes.

What made me drop my pen just now,
And slap myself across the brow?
(He's got away, I don't know how)

A mosquito.

JIM MAY.

Answers for the Anxious.

POTTER.—Totter.

HASELTINE.—She has tumbled to you.

PICCOLOMINI.—If, as your name implies, you are a musician, we had rather you should court destruction on the operatic stage than that you should force us, as quiet, peaceable journalists, to imbrue our hands in your blood.

J. R. HANLEY.—We wish you were one of the didn't-know-it-was-loaded kind of men; for then we should let you loose to graze in an arsenal.

FILUX.—You have not drunk of the Pierian Spring. You have struck Ehret or Ringler, and it shows badly in your work.

V. S. S.—Try it again, in two hundred years. But don't commit the fatal American fault of haste.



DRAMATIC NOTES.

"HURRICANES" will raise the wind at the Park.

TO-NIGHT "Olivia" will dawn on the dramatic horizon, with Fanny Davenport as centre orb.

THE Broadway has been fortunate enough to secure two tenants for next season. They open the house late this month.

IT is a peculiarity of Manager Henderson's dramatic surprise, "An Open Verdict," that no one seems to know what it is.

A SYMPOSIUM of sweets is unfolded at Niblo's—the "Child-Stealer," followed by "Three Years in a Man-Trap," and the "Wild Horse of Tartary."

JOHN T. RAYMOND.

Gilded Age and Risks.

At Rest.

—Adv. in Dramatic News.

They ought to be.

INSTEAD of "les Fourchambeault," "Joshua Whitcomb" is to be produced at the Lyceum—with Den Thompson as the cute and genial *Uncle Josh*, by Gosh!

THE rugged melodrama of the California cañons seems to have found a temporary abode, at popular prices, at the Grand Opera House, where the season opens with the "Danites," to be followed by "M'liss."

THE item that Mr. Boucicault is "rehearsing his new piece at Wallack's" has lost its novelty. As far as the public is permitted to ascertain, Mr. Boucicault is (in the capacity of dramatist) on rehearsal himself.

GENEVIEVE WARD appears at Booth's just about the time that Mary Anderson emerges at the Fifth Avenue and Ada Cavendish arrives at the Broadway. The efforts of these ladies will be directed individually to *Jane Shore*, *Parthenia* and *Miss Gwilt*, and collectively to the restoration of the legitimate drama.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" held the stage two weeks at the Bowery Theatre, but the patrons rallied on the last night by the announcement of "three Saturday-night pieces." This surprising mark of vitality was so remarkable that Frank S. Chanfrau, an actor who has long forsaken these haunts, is announced to return, and much in the way of attractions is promised.

AND now the Philadelphia theatre-goer awakes from his long rest, and surveying the dramatic horizon, inquires: "Why is it that nautical pieces are not revived as they used to be at Barnum's Museum in 1840, when E. L. Davenport played the leading rôles?" We don't know. But probably the fact that E. L. Davenport is dead and that the year 1840 is concluded has something to do with it.

SHERRY COBLERS are certainly delectable, but there is so much ice in them, that we suggest to sample rooms that it wouldn't be a bad idea to furnish each imbiber of the aforesaid drink with a pair of skates.

HE said he rather guessed he knew how to sail a boat—but the gentle zephyrs that kiss the wavelets o'er his watery grave, mournfully whisper, "He luffed not wisely."

TOO MUCH.



MILLIONAIRE SWELL from the City (to Ingenuous Country Maid,); "Come, tell me, my girl, would you like to have me for a husband?"

INGENUOUS MAID: "Would I? I just would. Three of you!"

(Lynn Wood in Tinsley's Magazine.)

For Better, for Worse?

(Continued.)

TWENTY minutes elapsed, and the unlocked bag was brought in and laid, almost unnoticed, on the table. Minute flew after minute, and Edgar, hearing a loud voice inquiring for him outside, jumped half a foot out of his chair, to find it was ten minutes past twelve. They looked guiltily at each other for half a second, and Edgar observed, in a very small voice:

"About the houses, Mrs. Aldon?"

The lady laughed a hearty little laugh.

"Oh, never mind about that. I won't take up any more of your valuable time. Good-bye; so glad to have seen you again. Don't forget your promise to come and see me soon; and of course bring dear Florence too, you know—if you like—if it's not too far for her, I mean."

The "awfully fine gurl" once more gladdened the eyes of the law-clerks, and they winked knowingly to each other, after the manner of their kind, as Edgar returned to his sanctum after seeing her off.

He had not noticed a pretty little elegantly-attired woman, who stood, half hidden by the trunk of a tree, observing with wide-open, startled eyes and trembling lip the cordial, and rather lingering, parting between himself and his lady-visitor.

Do what he would he could not banish the thought of that fascinating little Kate Aldon from his mind. Not that she for one moment rivaled Florence in Edgar's affection. "That could never be," Edgar reiterated to himself most emphatically. With all her quiet, undemonstrative ways, he knew that her heart was entirely his—that she lived only for him, her husband, in whom was concentrated for her all that was strong and tender and lovable in manhood. He knew all this and gloried in it; yet, as a good-looking man, and a not over strong-minded one, he could not help being gratified at the evident preference Mrs. Aldon displayed for himself. The stealthy, tender glances which he had once or twice surprised during their *tele-a-tele*, followed as they were on each occasion by a deep blush and a scarcely audible sigh, could not fail to produce some effect, although at the time Edgar ignored them with a grand assumption of cool good nature. It was with a feeling almost akin to remorse that he now recalled his cruelty. Still it was better so than that they should relapse into the former terms of easy comradeship now that he was married to his darling Florence. All things considered, he determined not to mention this visit to Florence: there was really no necessity to do so. She was such a jealous little creature. Never by word or action had she ever shown any jealous feeling, yet he knew intuitively that her great love made her jealous of the very atmosphere which surrounded him.

"Well, Flo, my darling," he said, as they sat *vis-a-vis* at the dinner-table, "and how have you amused yourself to-day?"

"I have been in town doing a little shopping. Madame L— showed me such a sweet autumn bonnet. You can't think how well it became me. But the price was dreadful; quite beyond me, I told her. Madame L. seemed so sorry, and said she wouldn't let it go out of the shop for a day or two, in case I should—but of course it's out of the question. Three guineas, dear! Such a lot of money!"

"Why didn't you buy it, my dear? I didn't know a bonnet could be bought for less. I thought it was thirty at least."

Was he not a model husband? After a pause Florence inquired:

"What have you been doing to-day, dear?" As she spoke her eyes gathered depth and earnestness, and Edgar found himself hesitating in his speech and avoiding her glance as he answered:

"Oh, the usual thing, my dear; fomenting people's quarrels, and showing them how they could spend their money in the way most disastrous to their enemies and most beneficial to our two selves."

"Are your clients always uninteresting and worrying?"

Edgar looked up quickly, but Florence was gazing complacently at the lace ruffle on her wrist. A man of finer perception might have detected a slight movement of the under lip, but Edgar noticed nothing, and answered evasively:

"Well, dear, the great majority are, inasmuch as they come to me charged to the brim with envy, hatred, and malice, and prepared to pour into my ear all the details of their grievances. What can be more uninteresting than a man with a grievance?"

Florence made no reply, but her features assumed a look of pain such as they had never known before. She did not let her husband see this, but bent over her plate until she could speak with her wonted quiet, gentle tones. About an hour after dinner she complained of headache and general weariness, and went to bed.

Edgar lit a cigar and dropped into his own peculiar seat, an American rocking-chair. No new-born babe, rocked in its mother's arms, ever felt more luxuriously comfortable than did Edgar in his chair, but he lacked the babe's peace of mind. How often, in the past year of their married life, had Florence and he had little tiffs—arguments in which neither would yield an inch! They would have been utterly unable to make good a claim to the Dummow fitch. But all these little quarrels had only served to call forth in the end a mutual outburst of affection and generous concession in the inevitable after-process of "making friends." Now there was no quarrel, yet Edgar could see perfectly well that Florence was not herself. What could be the matter? It was totally impossible she could know anything of Mrs. Aldon's visit to him. It was not pleasant, this consciousness of withholding something from his young wife, whom he so dearly loved; to whom, for the past year, his heart and all its secret thoughts had been as open as it was to himself. He would mention it casually during the following morning. With this good resolution Edgar went to bed. A certain remark has been made with reference to good resolutions.

The next morning brought drizzling rain and mist and mud, and all the other delectabilities of an English early winter. Whether the weather had any effect upon poor little Florence it is impossible to say, but she certainly was not in an amiable frame of mind. Yet no one could have pointed to a disagreeable rejoinder or an unamiable expression of face. There was simply a disinclination to appreciate Edgar's jocularities, an intangible proof-armour of reserve, which no efforts of Edgar's could pierce.

For the first time since their marriage he felt relieved when he closed his own door behind him, and found himself with his umbrella beneath the drizzle.

"It is enough," some novel-weary reader may exclaim. "We have read before of conjugal squabbles. They must needs kiss and make it up again, if only to make their lives bearable to one another."

Still, dear reader, have patience but a little while, if only for Florence's sake. The world has but few like her. Alas for Edgar, that, with all his shallow heart's love, he knew her not till too late!

How she loved this young, good-looking, essentially selfish man, who can tell? A man may love passionately, deeply, yet never approach the love of a true woman for her husband, partaking so largely as it does of that most wonderful love, a mother's love.

Yet when he came home that evening, she did not throw herself into his arms and implore his confidence as she felt inclined, but watched him, and hoped and hoped till she was sick at heart that he would mention Mrs. Aldon's visit, however casually; if he would only refer to it in the slightest possible manner, she would throw herself at his feet, and humble herself to the very dust to atone for her unkindness towards him during the past twenty-four hours.

But not the slightest allusion passed his lips. Edgar's feelings were hurt. After all his devotion to her, could Florence treat him so coldly for some imagined offense, so trivial that he could not even recall it to his mind? The next evening he had promised to call upon Mrs. Aldon and bring Florence. How could he suggest such a thing to her in her present frame of mind? He would go without her. Perhaps if left to herself for an evening, she would find out his worth, and receive him with a better grace than she had done lately.

So, on the following morning, Florence heard that announcement which sensible wives receive with perfect equanimity, but which caused the heart of poor Florence to stand still. "My dear, I sha'n't be home till late to-night; don't stay up for me." Then, with an affectionate parting kiss, he left her.

Oh, with what wistful eyes did she stand in the bay-window watching his receding figure, till an angle in the road hid him from her view! What thoughts of bitter repentance, of passionate yearning, came rushing with overwhelming power into her heart! Why did reminiscences of their honeymoon, blissful beyond expression, crowd into her mind?—their trips in the far-off beautiful land of mountains and lakes, and then the not less happy, though calmer, enjoyment on their own familiar matchless river. And these reminiscences, of which Edgar, her handsome lover-husband, was the very soul and essence, were clothed with that dread melancholy which winds itself about those things which we tacitly acknowledge to be past beyond recall. Could it be that the sweetness of her life was past, that an unforeseen eclipse had stolen away its sunshine in its very meridian? Oh, how weary seemed the day without Edgar's arrival to look forward to! What was the use of dressing, with only the cat and the dog to look at her? Yet she dressed, and wore a dress she knew Edgar particularly liked. Who could tell? Perhaps after all he might manage to get home early enough to have a cup of tea with her. He had not said how late he should be, although that remark about not waiting for him was rather ominous. That it could be anything else but some matter of business which kept Edgar away from her, it never for a moment occurred to Florence's mind. She never supposed he would deliberately leave her at home whilst he went away and enjoyed himself.

With preternaturally sharpened ears she heard the far-off footstep. Nearer and nearer it came. Yes, it was, it must be, Edgar's step.

Rather quicker, perhaps, than usual; but he was hurrying no doubt, being late.

He paused now before the house. Another minute and she would be in his arms. Silly little creature! Ten hours had scarcely elapsed since she last saw him, and yet her heart was beating quick with the excitement so plainly visible in her pretty flushed face and wide-open bright eyes. She jumped up and looked through the venetians just in time to see the supposed Edgar carefully crossing the muddy

road preparatory to entering his own house on the opposite side. It was very silly and unreasonable, and all that, of Florence, but it must needs be told. With a great sob she sank back into Edgar's chair, and there, lying huddled up like a grief-stricken child, ruthlessly tumbling her pretty silk costume, she wept as if her heart would break.

PART III.

At six o'clock Edgar dispatched his clerks, and had a cup of tea; then, clasping both hands in his hair, he resolutely tackled a new case of considerable importance. At half-past seven he swept everything, papers, books and all, into a capacious deed-box, locked and double-locked everything, and ran down into Holborn, where he hailed a hansom, and was speedily driven westward to his club.

It was not without a certain unholy appreciation of his bachelor-like situation that he entered the now almost forgotten portals.

"Hullo, Ruthen, how are you?" exclaimed Jones; "so you've turned up at last. Thought we should see you sooner or later. How is Mrs. Ruthen? not run away, I hope?"

"My wife is very well, thank you, Jones; and she still retains a foolish fondness for your humble servant. By the bye, why haven't you been to see us all these months?"

"Well, I should have been most delighted, old boy, but for the *petite* Kate; you know what a little tyrant she is. I've been in constant attendance since your abdication, you know, Ruthen."

"Oh, indeed! I hope you take kindly to your duties. They won't last much longer."

"No! why?" exclaimed Jones, with surprise.

"Well, I understand the lawful protector, the terrible colonel, is expected home in a month or two, when he will mount guard with drawn sword, till his liver runs quite out."

"When *did* you hear all this, Ruthen? She never told me a word."

"Oh, Mrs. Aldon is a client of mine, you know, and she came to me for advice the other day, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned her husband's approaching return."

"Did she seem glad?" Jones inquired.

"Oh, in raptures, I assure you. Her exact words were, 'My old soldier is coming home towards the end of next month, a few days before Christmas, when I shall have to turn nurse for the balance of my natural life, I suppose, Edgar, dear.' (This endearment fell from her lips in an artless sisterly manner that no one could have taken exception to.) 'Won't you come and see me once again, just for old acquaintance' sake? It will be the last time.'"

"In raptures, was she? How well she has dissembled those melancholy feelings which a grass-widow must necessarily feel during the prolonged absence of a loved husband!"

"Strange, wasn't it, Jones? Have you any message this evening?"

"What, Ruthen? You don't mean to say—"

"Oh, only a quiet affair. Mr. and Mrs. W. are coming, I believe, that's all. A quiet rubber, you know, and a cozy little supper; you recollect Kitty's genius in that respect." They had now finished their wine, and Edgar rose to go. "Ta-ta, old boy. I must be off to titivate. Due at nine, you know."

Jones never said another word, but, shaking his head solemnly, resumed his cigar, and took up the *Fall Mail Gazette*, prepared to enjoy that journal's polite cynicism to the full.

Want of space will not permit of a detailed account of Edgar's pleasant evening, however full of salutary warnings it might be to young husbands (or, for that matter, old ones too) of

roving tendencies. For instance, Mrs. W. (Mr. W. never turned up) found herself obliged, for some mysterious reason, to return home about an hour and a half after Edgar's arrival. The latter would have taken his departure too; but Mrs. Aldon seemed to take it so much to heart that he should stay to supper, by which time her bosom friend, at £100 per annum, would return from her day's holiday, that it seemed to Edgar he could not do otherwise, in common politeness, than stay.

The rest may be easily divined. Kate had the devil's own gift of fascination, and Edgar was no more a "Joseph" than the elder Careless. It is needless to observe that the companion did not turn up; and it was as well, perhaps, that neither the fierce-eyed colonel nor the gentle Florence was a witness of their parting at half-past eleven or thereabouts.

As Mrs. Aldon opened the street-door she discerned a cab rolling swiftly in their direction.

"Now that's lucky, Edgar dear; here's a cab, and you'll be home quite early yet."

They hailed it, and the cabby increased his pace. Who minds what a cabby thinks? Kate did not, for she stole one little jeweled white hand upon Edgar's broad shoulder, and lent her slight weight upon him, as though she would present herself a living barrier to his departure. What man could have resisted the upturned gaze of those large glistening eyes, brimful of tearful farewells? Her best and only excuse was, poor girl, that she really loved this handsome light o' love.

Edgar stooped, and kissed those sweet red lips so invitingly raised to his, and rose again—to meet the gaze of a tall soldierly man, with grizzled eyebrows and moustache, in whose eyes there was a cold glitter, an expression of quiet ferocity upon which many a Hindoo warrior had looked his last on earth.

Colonel Aldon walked leisurely up the steps, having dismissed the cab, and passing Edgar as though he had been a sculptured figure in the doorway, held out his hand to his wife and closed the door. Edgar was as one stunned for a few moments; then stooping mechanically to pick up a handkerchief that lay at his feet, he pursued the retreating cab, and after a hard run caught it, and was conveyed home.

(To be concluded.)



Puck's Exchanges.

THE great horse-race is over, and the people of Louisville, learning that there are yet several dollars in that portion of the United States lying outside of Kentucky, have organized thirty-three new lotteries, with capital prizes variously ranging from \$350,000 to \$2,000,000. —*Hawkeye*.

THE small politician who hangs around lager beer saloons screaming to admiring companions that "People, by gum, sir, get their ideas from a hireling press, sir, that you can buy for a dollar, sir," usually does not have the dollar necessary to buy a hireling press.—*P. I. Man*.

PUCK has achieved a remarkable triumph, considering the extraordinary heat in which it was accomplished. He has found a rhyme for window—which the same is "thin dough." It must have required 'leven hours' labor to "raise" that floury rhyme.—*Norr. Herald*.

THE MODERN SCHOOL TEACHER.

'Twas Saturday night, and a teacher sat
Alone, her task pursuing;
She averaged this and she averaged that,
Of all her class was doing.
She reckoned percentage so many boys,
And so many girls all counted,
And marked all the tardy and absentees,
And to what all the absence amounted.

Names and residences wrote in full,
Over many columns and pages;
Canadian, Teutonic, African, Celt,
And averaged all their ages.
The date of admission of every one,
And cases of flagellation;
And prepared a list of the graduates,
For the county examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book,
And her weary heart still lower;
For some of her pupils had little brain,
And she could not furnish more.
She slept, she dreamed; it seemed she died,
And her spirit went to Hades;
And they met her there with a question fair,
"State what the per cent. of your grade is?"

Ages had slowly rolled away,
Leaving but partial traces;
And the teacher's spirit walked one day
In the old familiar places.
A mound of fossilized school reports
Attracted her observation,
As high as the state house dome and as wide
As Boston since annexation.

She came to the spot where they buried her
bones,
And the ground was well built over;
But laborers digging threw out a skull,
Once planted beneath the clover.
A disciple of Galen, wandering by,
Paused to look at the diggers;
And plucking the skull up, looked through the
eye,
And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M. D.—
"How easy it is to kill 'em!
Statistics ossified every fold
Of cerebrum and cerebellum."
"It's a great curiosity, sure," said Pat,
"By the bones you can tell the creature."
"Oh, nothing strange," said the doctor; "that
Was a nineteenth century teacher."
—*Phila. Times*.

"WHAT," asks a Democratic contemporary,
"has been proved by Mr. Potter's committee?"
This is an easy one. It has been proved that
an effort was made to buy a Louisiana elector
for Tilden, and that the "spirit of mortal
shouldn't be proud."—*Norr. Herald*.

AN Oil Citizen who never read "Barbara
Frietchie," but who had just heard it read,
wanted to know what sort of sentiment was ex-
pressed in this couplet:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog. March on his head."

—*Derrick*.

DEAR is labor to the hand, which
Occupies life's little span;
But an honest picnic sandwich
Is the noblest work of man.
—*Hackensack Republican*.

Now doth the merry harvester
Whistle the jolly tunes,
The while the gentle bumble-bee
Skips up his "pantaloon."
Gone after the arnica.
—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

ON FINDING A FLY DROWNED IN AN INKSTAND.

Cold death stole on thee like a breath of frost
From frigid climes upon the bloom of spring,
And wrote thy name among the early lost,
And stilled the motion of thy gauzy wing.
Plunged in this bowl of chill and murky ink,
No more thy buzz shall greet the Sabbath dawn,
Nor thy Orphean numbers swell and sink
On ears of noontide sleepers on the lawn.

Thou shalt be missed; there is a void that aches,
A painful lengthening of the morning snooze,
The pastry cook weeps o'er untrodden cakes,
The artist's brush yields no blue-bottle hues.
Thy punctuation shall be seen no more—
Thy "specs" are broken, and the sorghum slough
Vainly invites thee through the larder door,
No effervescing jug can charm thee now.
"Time flies." 'Tis true, no life for thee beside,
For thou wert but a time fly with the rest,
Thy dreamless sleep in this lethean tide
Blots out thy sun, not hides it in the west.

Some other flies have passed away before,
From chill exposure to the autumn frost;
And some, too bold, have ventured from the shore
Of divers soups, and been forever lost;
Some, like the storied chest-imprisoned bride,
While buzz and revelry went gayly 'round,
Have hid away in plastic pies and died,
To mar the joy at festal boards when found;
And others still, on smooth metallic cheeks
Of traveling agents have caught fatal falls,
Or through the hot and sultry summer weeks
Have starved to death on journalistic walls.

Perhaps some time another fly will come
To bring nepenthe for our grief and tears,
And on our dreams will steal a drowsy hum,
And tiny feet crawl softly up our ears.
Ha! there is one now! we are blessed overmuch;
The fly-blown trumpet will put forth its wail,
And nasal organs thrill beneath the touch
Of tickling feet that run the blistered scale!
—H. S. Tomer, in *Elmira Weekly Adv.*

STRIPED stockings cover a multitude of shins.
—*Rome Sentinel.*

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER travels with her husband this season as a protector.—*Picayune.*

WE are of the opinion that Mr. Lowell intended to ask: "And what is so Rarus 2:13¼?"
—*Derrick.*

MR. HAYES appears to be such a nice man that it seems a pity he wasn't born a woman.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

BYRON speaks of "the nympholepsy of some fond despair." This probably is what ails Mr. Tilden.—*Derrick.*

PASTE the date of the next eclipse in your hat. You may forget it. May 8, 1900.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It was a Boston girl who referred to Beaconsfield's new honor as "the order of the elastic."—*Buffalo Exp.*

WOMEN measure their dresses by the finger, and this is also the way men measure their drinks.—*Rome Sentinel.*

It is a strange fact that whenever a whisky-barrel explodes a prohibitionist is always an eye-witness to the occurrence.—*Picayune.*

YELLOW fever has appeared at Cincinnati, and Sunday-school scholars there make \$5 an hour teaching the old inhabitants how to pray.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

THE Ohio Nationals have nominated a minister for Congress. There, women of Washington, remember, we've warned you in time.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

THE CREAM OF THE BUCKET.

A DEFINITION.

An inside passenger—the taciturn but voracious tape-worm.—*N. Y. News.*

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Jim Anderson peddles lightning-rods in Washington.—*Boston Post.*

THAT WAS ALL.

Did Eve have a bathing-dress?—*Elmira Advertiser.* She had nothing else.—*Oil City Derrick.*

HE DIDN'T GO.

People returning from the French capital have a "pizen" look—sort of a Paris grin.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

UNNECESSARILY.

A Boston girl never thoroughly enjoys herself while bathing. She is too suspicious.—*Washington Post.*

FACT!

"Death is death, after all," says the London *World*. That is the bother of it. Now, if it was something else—however, it isn't.—*Buffalo Express.*

A GRAND IDEA.

Picnic pantaloons are made of nankeen this season. They are much admired, as they so much resemble the custard pie that it is not easily detected.—*Chicago Times.*

LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US.

Beaconsfield is a silent man and avoids ladies' society. As he remarks, Simon Cameron's little scrape has been a warning to him.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

LOFTY.

The only topic of general interest is beer.—*New Haven Register.* Of course you speak only for yourself. Hereabouts such subjects as the Origin of Species, Science and Theology, Communism and its Effects on Trade, Market Money and how to obtain it, take precedence.—*Norristown Herald.*

NEVER.

An ungenerous public will never learn to appreciate the work of the world's greatest humorist, the intelligent compositor; he who speaks of "Caledonia, stern and wild, wet nurse of a poetic child," and who tells of the pride the college graduate experiences in turning to his "alum water."—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

HE TAKES THE CAKE.

A chap in Arkansas, in the act of ramming a heavy charge into an old musket, was killed by a premature discharge of the piece. The local papers speak of it as a tragical affair, but to us it seems to partake more of the nature of a mellowed-rammer.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A CALIFORNIA "LOCAL."

We don't mean to say that Petaluma is a particularly poor town, but we remember that once when a misguided San Francisco burglar tried to enter a store in that burg, the inhabitants caught him, went through his pockets, and business generally brightened up in consequence for the next six months.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

ON THE PORTUGUESE PLAN.

Courtship in Portugal is queerly conducted. When a young man over there gets sweet on a girl he never hints ice-cream once, but stands around the curb-stone in the broiling sun and permits the damsel to feast her eyes on him from an upper window. If the girl heaves out a panful of ashes on him, he concludes that his addresses are not desired, and moves on to the next house.—*Cin. Breakfast Table.*

AD VENEREM.

O Venus, of Cnidos and Paphos the queen,
Thou'lt tell me the reason why Sarah, I ween—
My Sarah, my tender, my sweet Sarah Green—
Refuseth my suit.

I will lead to thy altar a ewe and a lamb,
A bullock, a heifer, a two-year-old ram,
A couple of bottles of raspberry jam,
And a dollar to boot.

—*Eugene Field in St. Louis Journal.*

I REMEMBER one night in particular when I set 3000 ems an hour out of a bag by moonlight, and had to take every letter to the window to see what it was.—*Typographical Ananias.*

GENERAL HOWARD has ceased telegraphing what he is going to do, and the only persons who found fault with him for so doing are those holding telegraph stock.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

"Is gold a debased coin?" asks the *Graphic*. Yes, it is awfully, terribly debased. It is so degraded that it is ashamed to associate with honest and truly good persons like ourselves.—*Norristown Herald.*

PUCK complains that the *Graphic* anticipates many of its cartoons. The only way for PUCK to get even with the *Graphic* is to issue a daily edition, and make its 1,000,000 readers doubly happy.—*Norristown Herald.*

BEREAVED relatives, who send in a lengthy and very flattering piece of obituary poetry, ask: "Do you think we could add anything more?" Yes; you might add a five-dollar bill, as a guarantee of good faith.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A YOUNG M. D. who graduated from a Philadelphia Medical College last spring claims to have discovered an infallible cure for yellow fever. He says painting the patient red will keep the yellow in the fever from showing.—*Kronikle Herald.*

MAKING the best of it is a good rule for everybody. "What is the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman. "The horses are running away, sir." "Can you not pull them up?" "I am afraid not." "Then," said the lawyer, after judicial delay, "run into something cheap."—*Unknown Ex.*

THE St. Paul *Daily Globe* says: "It gives us pleasure to announce that the present Beecherian lecture tour is a lamentable pecuniary failure. Small or moderate audiences greet him everywhere, and though he has a contract which gives him his money, every association which employs him loses money."

WE were really afraid at one time that Frank Murphy would slight us—but he has now done the thing up handsomely—sending us a wood cut of his angelic features (from the chin up) and a cordial invitation to attend his big temperance love feast at Round Lake. We have just written him that our terms are \$150 a night, board at the best hotel, and a handsome widow to wait upon us. We are now on the pause for a reply.—*Boston Post.*

THERE WAS NO nonsense about Petruchio when he undertook to kiss a woman. At his wedding, according to William Shakspeare, dec'd, "He took the bride by the neck and kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack, that, at the parting, all the church did echo." And you should have seen Petruch. playing copenhagen at a Sunday-school picnic! Persons living a quarter of a mile distant thought companies A, B, C, D, E, F and G were firing at a target; and every minute or so a girl would cry out, "Oh, don't, Pet.; you are breaking my neck!" And Pet. would don't.—*Norristown Herald.*

GILMORE'S BAND was a failure in Paris, and it did not pay expenses in Oil City. We submit therefore that the title "Paris of America" properly rests with us.—*Derrick.*

We would suggest to his Satanic majesty that kerosene has no equal as a fire-kindler.—*Oil City Derrick.*

POINT PLEASANT is one of the most charming points on the New Jersey coast. It is situated just below Long Branch, near Barnegat Bay, in the centre of a district famous for its facilities for fishing and hunting, and within easy reach of New York, by boat and rail. It is here that the well-known "Resort House" is located—one of the best Summer Hotels in the country, lying close by the Squan River, in the midst of tastefully laid out grounds, of which a beautiful lake is one of the most notable attractions.

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A short strip of railroad from Squan to Whitings will be in operation before another season, making direct communication with Philadelphia and the South and West—making it the nearest seaside resort to Philadelphia on the Jersey coast.

We are assured that the 24th of August will be the last chance. There will be no postponement. The President and Board of Trustees have determined that every purchaser shall have an equal chance, as they are men of pecuniary worth, and in the highest business and social standing in Trenton. Only one-fourth of the number remain unsold.

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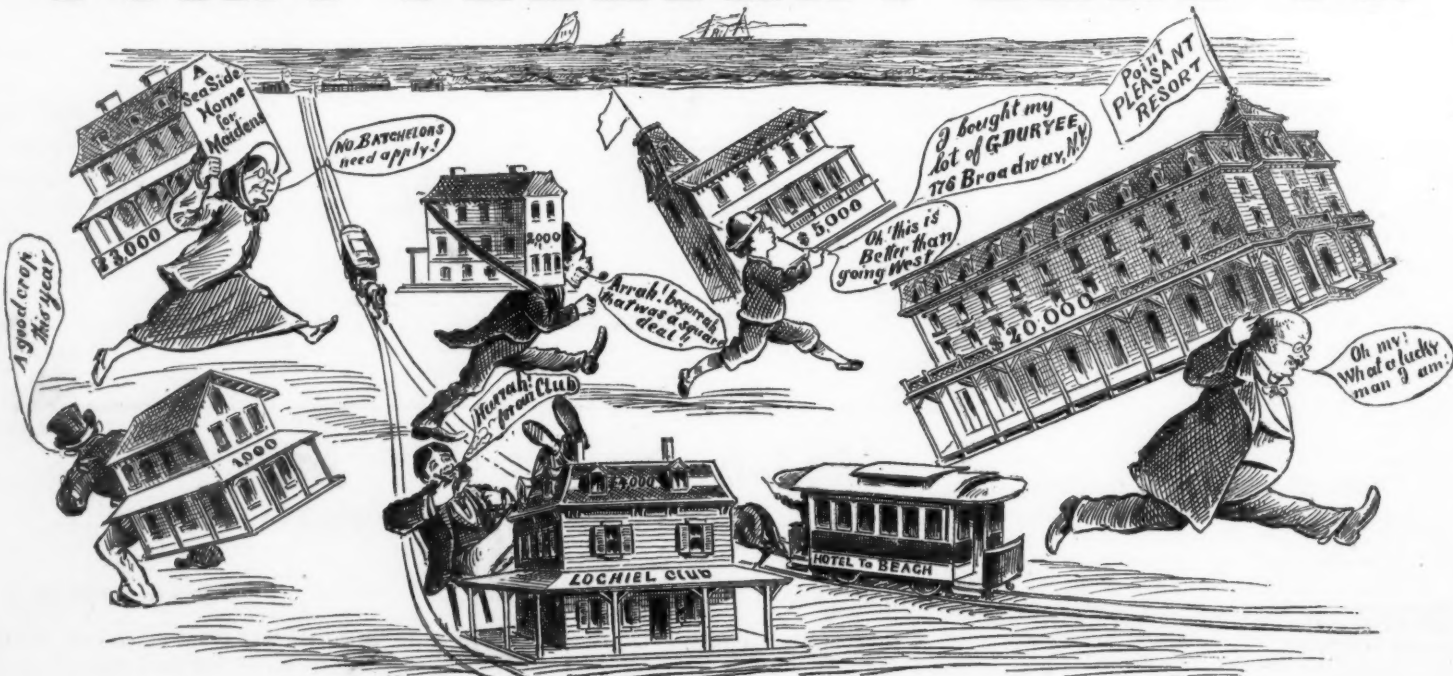
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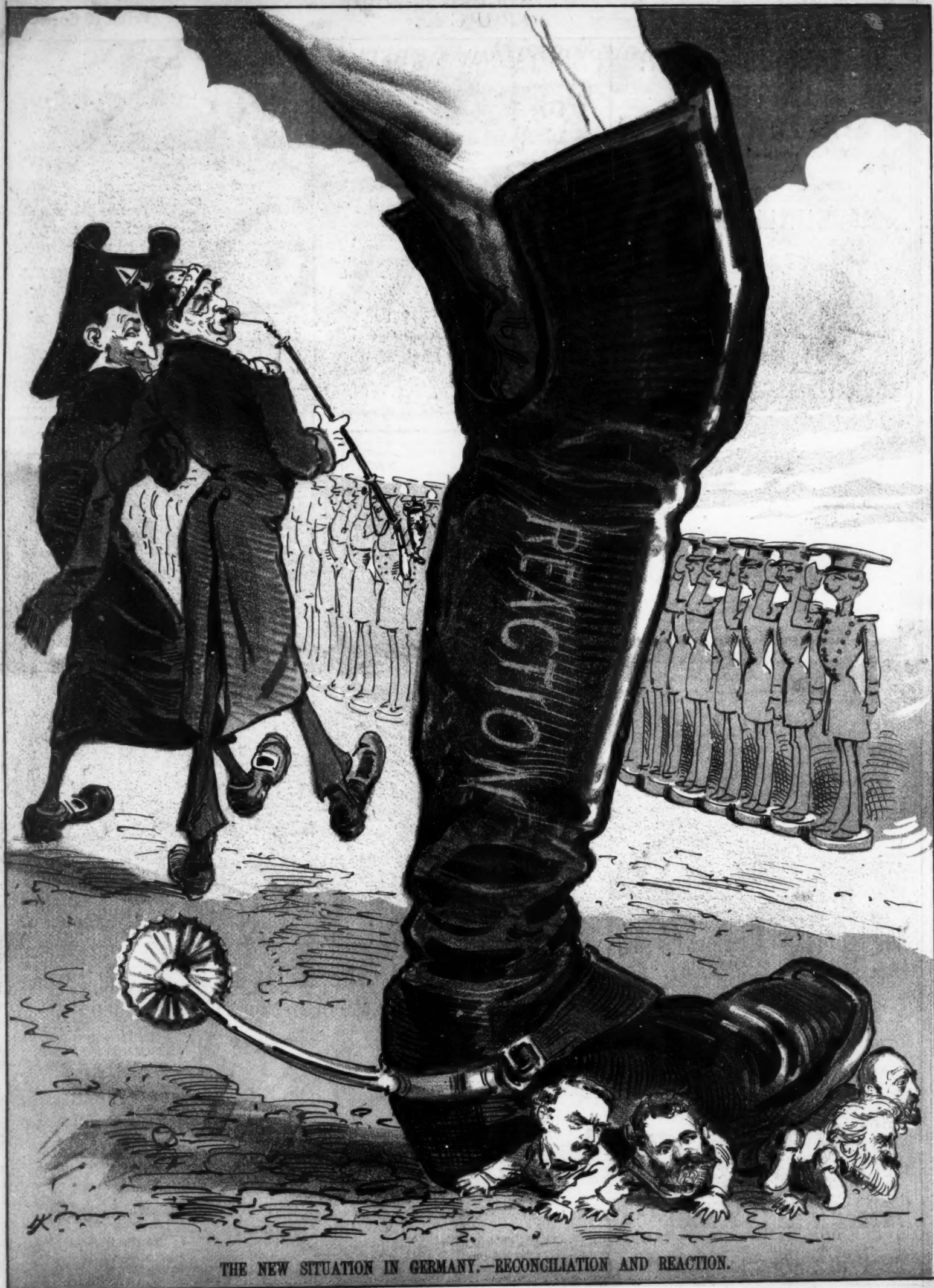
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